SUBURBAN NEWS.

GREENPOINT.—About 2 o'clock on Saturday af-ternoon a fire broke out in the Messra Phinney & Hosmer's stare-yard, foot of Colyerst, Greenpoint, and a loss of \$2,500 resulted. Insured for

FLUSHING.—A grand serub race will take place from the Grapery, Finahing Bridge, to day at 11 o'clock. The followin named boats are entered for the row: Woodside. Gooderson, Octoplen Highiste, and Unknown-all of Flushing-bende several boats fr Whitestone. GREENPORT.-The Hon. David G. Floyd, while

on a visit to New York, was routed of a gold watch valued at #250...
Nr. J. Day dropped dead, on Friday, in his store. Cause disease of
the heart... The Sugfold Bulletin nominates Mr. Henry A. Reeve, edthe of The Watchman, for Member of Congress from the 1st District. SAG HARBOR.-Mr. Thos. H. Eldridge's store, in

FRESH MEADOW, L. I.-A valuable horse was NORTHPORT, L. I.—A Methodist camp-meeting

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—The 17th Regiment, B. G. S. M. Y. Col. Henry W. Clark commanding, will assemble at the symony of Company Go m Weinesday next, 22d inst. for the paprose of being misstered out of the service and discharged, in compliance with orders from brigade headquarters.

THE HARBOR.-The steamboat Port Royal came

ORANGE, N. J.-George A. Merwin choked him-

ELIZABETH, N. J.-Mr. M. A. Pogson of the Ine-

UNIONTOWN, N. J.-Geo. E. Williamson, a boy in

ASHBURN.—The Presbytery of Newton met here Friday, and installed the Rev. Frank E. Miller pastor of the Presby-rian Church.

HACKENSACK, N. J.—This town is now gas-ghted, but it wants a telegraph and a bank. MORRISTOWN.-G. D. Drake's shoe store was beed last Friday night of goods to the amount of \$400.

[Announcements.]

in laying the foundation of Consumption. To cure the most stubborn Cough or Cold you have only to use at once Dr. Janua's Expectonast.

Musketo Ners and patent Portable Canopies,

One thousand windows and doors open suffi-sect for rentilation, and still your house is lurgiar proof, as the EUROLAH ALAHE TALEGRAPH gives instant notice if one is moved from its place. Pauphlet sent free. E. HOLMES, No. 201 Broadway.

LATEST SHIP NEWS.

ARRIVED.
Steamship Gen. Meade, Sampson, New-Orleans July 11, medse. and Steamship Gen. Meade, Sampion.

as.

Steamship Acnahnet, Kelly, New-Bedford, mdse. and pass.

Steamship Electra, Mott, Providence, indse. and pass.

Ship Lizzle Mosses, Cox. Newport. E., 42 days, railroad fron.

Ship Robert C. Winthrop, Stewart, Liverpool 44 days, misse.

Bark Jas. E. Ward, Landerkin, Cardenas 14 days, singar and molasses.

Salled in company with schr. Adde M. Comry, for Philadelphia.

Bark Wilselim, Weber, Rotterdam 96 days, misse.

Brig Rachel, Coney, Coney, Pernambeco 30 days, singar, Jine 30, lat.

5 Sa. Ion. 26 59, saw bark Annie Frances (of Sandy Cove, N. S.), steering

S. W.
Brig Ellien Maria, Hoxie, Arroyo, P. R., 16 days, sugar and molasses.
Antin port, achr. Adeliza, for New-York, to sail July 4.
Brig Emily Comer, Christie, Gorce, W. C. A., 34 days, peanuts.
Schr. C. & N. Rogers, Mott, Cat Island 9 days, fruit and 4 pass. The
thr. Shannon sailed for New-York 2 days previous.
SCHOOMSHIS—RUYER AND COASTWIFS.

and 3 days, fruit and 4 pass. Tags previous 18 and coastwiss.

8 and coastwiss.

8 and coastwiss.

Keren Happide, Boston.

Trustam Dickens, New Haven.

We. C. Pendieton, Westerly.

Gen. Granf, New Bedferd.

J. P. Hazard, Newport.

Wm. Chamberlain, Boston.

Kate Seranton, Now-London.

Middleser, New-Haven.

Mary Shields, Gardiner.

C. E. Durs, Salilvan, Me.

Globe, Franklin, Me.

Sarah, Calle, Shulee, N. S.

John Hickey, Bridgeport.

Flash, Nantocket.

Redunde, Pranklin, Me.

Sarah Lavergne. Norwich.

Cruson, Machins.

Josephine, Niantic.

A. M. Edwards, Fawtocket.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 19 —Passed up for Baltimore, steamrhip Maryland, from Havann; Norwegian bark, mane not given; brigs Village Belle, Cierfuegos; Aurora, Matanas; Ottawa, Demersra; schra. Valeira, Cardenas; Albee, Cuba; Credington, Charleston. Passed out, ships Crost of the Wave, Kotterdam; Speculator, Nova Scotia; bark Cella, Barbadoes; brigs Scottand, and George W. Chase, Portland.
CHARLESTON, July 19.—Arrived, steamship Saragossa, from New-York. Sailed, edir, S. J. Waring, for Providence.
HOLMESS HOLE, July 18.—Arrived, schra. Z. Snow, Thorndike, Portland for New-York for Windsor.
Boston, July 18.—Arrived, barks Black Swan, from London; Çephas Starrest, Hoboken.

STARR & MARCUS,

NO. 22 JOHN-ST., Up Stairs, CONTINUE TO MAKE A SPECIALTY

GORHAM MF'G. CO.'S SOLID SILVERWARE

embracing all their NEWEST and CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS is DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, with a varied selection of ornamental and useful pieces, also a very extensive stock of PORKS-RPOONS, and KNIVES of NOVEL DESIGN and UNSURPASSED PINISH, which to purchasers present the following inducements:

1. The quality guaranteed by U. S. MINT ASSAY; every piece hear

2. Embracing the most decided talent in all their various department for DESIGNING, MODELING, DIE-SINKING, CHASING, EN-GRAVING, FINISHING, they produce wares which at once appeal to the most cultivated TASTE for UTILITY, BEAUTY, and PINISH.

VERMONT SPRING.

THE MOST RELIABLE REMEDY KNOWN for Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumadism, &c. All bottles marked "Saze & Co., Sheldon, Vt." Send for pampilets.

SAXE & Co., No. 417 Broome-st., N. Y. WINCHESTER'S

HYPOPHOSPHITES

IS THE ONLY SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF COSUMPTION. It also acts promptly and certainly, to all derangements of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, NERVOUS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, DYSPESIA, ANTHMA, BEDOCHITIS, LOSS OF THE REGION AND APPETITE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, WASTING and in all diseases caused by a SCANTY OR DISEASED CONDITION OF THE BLOOD. This remety has been tested and used for THIRE TEARS, with results unparallelyed in the sunais of medicine. THE WONDERPUL CURES obtained by this remedy are unparallele, and present results such as no other remedy or treatment has ever equaled,

A LARGE variety of first-class PIANO-Trouged short time at half price; No. 235 East Teentr-fixet, between Second and Third-area. Record and Third-are.

JENNYIS & SON.

A CHURCH-ST. IMPORTING HOUSE is
RETAILING MEN'S FURNISHINGS at VAIL'S, No. 141 Fulton-st. near Broadway, of prices never entreased in this city, viz. Fine
Dreas Shirts, \$1.75 heat 'N. Y. Mille' do., \$2.55 (Some Indeedshirts,
Coc., very line fol., 50s. 15. Silk Shirts at \$2.75; Mashin Drawers,
Coc., very line fol., 50s. 15. Linen Drawers, \$1.50; very heat, \$1.75;
The line fol. 50s. 15. Linen Drawers, \$1.50; very heat, \$1.75;
The line fol. 50s. 15. Linen Drawers, \$1.50; very heat, \$1.75;
Stip leaf Jean do., \$1.1 Linen Drawers, \$1.50; very heat, \$1.75;
Stip leaf Jean do., \$1.1 Linen Drawers, \$1.50; very heat, \$1.75;
Stip leaf box, very beat, \$2. Hold's. Ties, Boxs, Riceve-Battons, and
\$1.5 doz, 1 very beat, \$2. Hold's. Ties, Boxs, Riceve-Battons, and
\$1.5 doz, 1 very beat, \$2. Hold's. Ties, Boxs, Riceve-Battons, and
\$1.5 doz, 1 very beat, \$2. Hold's. Ties, Boxs, Riceve-Battons, and

"It is the best meat and fruit preserver." ALEX M. LESLIP, No. 605 Sixth-are., N. Y. GO TO MACFARLAND'S BOOK-STORE.

THE "ZERO REFRIGERATOR"

SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.

Lackawanna Coal,

AT RETAIL.

The DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL COMPANY are selling their

SCREENED AND DELIVERED.

On.

PER TUN IN THE YARD. ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

YARDS-No. 310 FRONT-ST. E. R. FOOT OF HUBERT-ST., N. P. FOURTEENTH-ST., between NINTH and TENTH-AVES 1330 THIRD-AVE.

No. 33 ATLANTIC-ST., BROOKLYN. FOOT OF HARRISON-ST., BROOKLYN. FOOT OF THIRD-ST., E. R.

AT THEIR DEPOT IN WEEHAWKEN, NEW-JERSEY Principal Office:

No. 7 Nassau-st., Up Stairs.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL I JOURNAL for August contains 20 Portraits, with Biographies To LET A COLD have its own way is to assist and Characters of marked men, such as Bismarck, Napoleon III, Garibaldi, De Bow, Stratton, Ole Bull, and others; Physiognomy; Self-Culture; Living for a Purpose; What is a Change of Heart? etc. A very interesting Number. \$3 a year, or PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

FROM NEW-ORLEANS, July 19-10 ateamship Gen. Meado.—Miss Z. Wendell Miss B. Morisrty, Mr and Mrs. T. N. Betan and two children, S. Wellson, R. De Ruyter, John O'Niel, John Anderson, wife and child J. Charliton, B. Nelson, Jacob Frank, Charles dress S. R. Wells, New-York.

Gens. D. & Rehmlet. Wm. Dinn. F. Clondat.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR. BY ETHEL LYNN.

Oh, happy dream! oh, holiday,
Bright day of all the past,
Brimming with tender Summer light,
Too full of sun to last.
One childish figure mid the haze Still beckons evermore, Still I, a loyal slave, obey The girl who lives next door.

Sweet eglantine has bloomed since then, Red maples filled and flushed,
The nightingales since then have sung
When coarser sounds were hushed;
But ruddy flush nor blossom breath, Nor bird-song ermore, Will seem, as when I sat beside The girl who hved next door.

For her I ran the student race, For her I won the prize, For love of her came home again To read her lovely eyes; And when the stars came trooping out,
Methought my cares were o'er,
And I need only ask to win
The girl who lived next door.

The summer eve grew strangely dark.
The stars shone dim to me,
And roses withered as I saw Beneath the maple tree,
My idol circled by an arm
Which band and chevron bore:
A soldier's bride : (I knew it all;)
The girl who lived next door.

When wand'ring far, some impulse strange Drew home my vagrant feet, Once more beneath the eglantine, Some guidance bid us meet Under the window;—white and still, I saw my love once more, When burial blossoms, sweet and white,

Unstirred her bosom bore. She was not mine to win and lose,

But ever mine to keep, Mine to remember lovingly On twilight's dreamy sleep; The gladness of a day gone by, Is mine for evermore, And life is sweeter having loved The girl who died next door.

AGNES PERCY;

OR. THE RIVAL HEIRS OF ABBOTSWOLD.

> CHAPTER L. THE HEIR OF ABBOTSWOLD.

On a pleasant afternoon in early Autumn, in the year 1730, a small party of ladies and gentlemen stood upon one of the terraces in front of an old English Castle, called Abbotswold.

That middle-aged man, of bold front and goodly

presence, dressed in black velvet, with buckles of gold upon his shoes, and a sparkling diamond of wondrous size and beauty in his frilled shirt-front, is John Percy, the present Marquis of Abbotswold.

The youth by the lord's side, with a book in his hand, is Eustace Percy, a son of the Marquis, but not 2. Facilities for manufacturing in LARGE QUANTITIES ONLY
THE FIXEST GOODS, enabling them to reduce the labor prices to the
LOWEST MINIMUM STANDARD.

hand, is Eustace Percy, a son of the Marquis, but not
his heir. No,—Eustace is only eighteen, and his
brother Albert is twenty. Albert, bold, dashing, and handsome, just home from Oxford for a hunting vacation, is to succeed to the lordship of this great estate, for in England the oldest son is sole heir to the real property-and Eustace is hesitating between the Church and the Army. The Marquis says nothing to for the church, while the boy himself prefers the army. And, wonderful and paradoxical as it may seem, a certain beautiful maiden, named Isabel St. John, who even now steals sly and palpitating glances at the pale student, whispers to him that he shall be a soldier. She knows there will be danger; but she thinks she could love a hero; and she knows Eustace Percy would be a hero if he were a soldier; for she knows that he is noble and true, and that a braver

Eustace Percy was tall and well formed. His face was strikingly handsome. His brow broad and high; go that bit of comfort. She named him herself." his eyes large and brilliant, and of a clear, cerulean blue; the outline of his profile of the finest Grecian cast; while his hair, of a golden brown, cropped short over the white, full brow, was suffered to float away over his shoulders and back in a mass of natu-

At a short distance from the marquis stood the marchioness, engaged in conversation with a bevy of girls who were her guests for the time. She was a handsome woman, and a fit companion for the lord of Abbotswold

mayo to the older son "if you feel as you look, you the ch must feel rather sad. What is the matter! I am afraid I shall have to shut your books away from you for awhile. The doctor says your temperament is a peculiarly sensitive one; and I believe he is right.

"Yes," murmured the lad, half to himself, "and I

to fall into one of these fits but something ill came to pass directly thereafter. The last time you were so sad under a heart-load, our little Bertha was taken from us-the third and last of my daughters-leaving you and Albert alone for us to love. O, no more of it. Eustace! Cheer up, and look off to where the sun shines. See how it makes the thatch upon Callington's cot look like burnished gold "

The marquis gazed off upon the fisherman's cot as he spoke, and directly a heavy shadow rested upon his own face.

"By the way," he sald, speaking in a low tone, and poking to see that only his son could hear his words. have you noticed whether Albert visits Callington's cottage of late as he used to do ?"

Eustace shook his head without answering. "I know what you mean," said Sir John, sadly Albert goes there too often, and I tremble for the consequences. Agatha Callington is very beautiful, and I wonder not that the boy is smitten; but he should remember his station, and not bring a stain upon his name directly under the shadow of his own ome. I will speak with him. I should have done so before. I have neglected my duty."

Aye, John Percy, you have neglected your duty; and that neglect bath given birth to a curse that shall fall so heavily upon your house in the coming time that one whom you now love and cherish shall, under its fiery touch, wish that he had never been

"Indeed, my father," returned Eustace, hopefully, 'I do not think Albert would do anything wrong. Is he not a Percy ?"

"Ah, my boy there have been some very bad qualities in the characters of men bearing that name. But I will not borrow-

"Ha!" cried Isabel St. John, jumping up and clapoing her hands at that moment, and thus interrupt-

and sinks down upon his knees by its side. The marchioness sees what is upon that litter, and,

with a low, wailing cry, she sinks fainting upon it. Eustace Percy gazes upon the thing which those men have borne from the wood, and with his hands clasped and his eyes turned heavenward, he prays

lead the party,-bent upon being the first to strike the game, he urged his horse over a barrier too high for the leap; and when his companions came up, they

found horse and rider both dead! Two weeks had passed since the events which had made Eustace Percy the heir of Abbotswold.

It was early evening, and the servant who brought candles to the library for the marquis informed him that one of his tenants was in the hall, and wished very much to see him.

"Who is the man !" "It is Owen Callington, the fisherman, my lord." Show him up." A dark shadow settled upon Sir John's face, and

his fingers worked nervously, one with another. By and by the man came-a stout, good-looking fellow, of middle age; his face made dark by exposure to wind and weather, in his calling upon the water; but not dark enough to hide the native good-

ness of heart that gave character to his manhood. The fisherman begged his lordship's pardon, for he had come to talk upon a very unpleasant subject; but necessity compelled him, and he was forced to go

The marquis folded his hands, and bade his visitor proceed.

Owen Callington told the story of his poor, misguided daughter-and in the end threw himself upon the mercy of his lord. "God knows." he said, wiping a tear from his eye

that I bear no ill-will to you nor to any of your kin and as for him that's dead an' gone, I can only be sorry that it wasn't my own sweet Agatha that had fallen asleep forever instead of him. I don't curse him, your lordship; though when I see my poor child layin' there, with the curse upon her that she can never shake off, I think I ought to curse him. And then he did one thing that was meaner than all the rest. He cheered poor Agatha up by pretending that he would marry her. When she knew that her child would soon be born, she threatened to come to you, your lordship; and thereupon Master Albert tells her that he'll marry her; and he goes and hires a good-for-nothing raseal to act the priest, and they had the marriage ceremony performed."

"Where ?" asked the marquis.

"In the church. Albert got the keys easy enough. and carried them back when he had done with them-And my poor girl didn't know of the trick that had been put upon her, until it was too late to help her-

The marquis asked further questions, and the fishrman answered readily and frankly. At length Sir John arose, and paced up and down

he library a while; and, when he resumed his seat, e was calm and collected. "Mr. Callington," he said, "I have no doubt that

Albert was the father of your daughter's child. A boy, you said ?"

"Yes, your lordship. And if you could but see it con-"

"Never mind," interposed the marquis, with an adnonitory wave of the hand. "I believe you have told me truth, and now I will make you my proposition: On your part, for yourself and for your daughter, you promise that this thing shall be kept as quiet as possible. My wife idoes not suspect such a thing. and my son, Eustace, knows nothing of it; and it is influence the boy either way; the Marchioness pleads my desire that they should remain ignorant. On my part I will bind myself to pay to your daughter, while this child lives and she lives, the sum of two undred and fifty pounds a year, payable at my anker's, in quarterly installments; and should the hild outlive its mother, I will see that said amount s paid to him during his lifetime. My death will nake no difference. You will call the child---

We have named him Albert, your lordship." (The nan saw a frown on the face of the marquis, and he explained: "Poor girl! she loved the lad, Sir Johnhe loved him truly and well-and she couldn't fore-"But the other name, Owen f"

"It shall be our own name, your lordship. He shall be called Albert Callington." "So be it then," pursued the marquis. "And now

mark you: I will put it down in my will that this um shall be paid to Albert Callington while he lives. Will that be satisfactory ?" It was far, very far, more than the poor man had even dared to hope; and he went away feeling that his daughter would be rich; and before he went he

gave a solemn pledge that, so far as his influence "Eustace," said the marquis, regarding his son with a look of tender regard—a look such as he never side his own family; and he would, if possible, hold forever ignorant of his true parentage.

And when Owen Callington reached his humble cot, he told to his wife and to his child what the anrous had asked him to promise; and they both agreed with him that they would keep their secret within their own bosons; and Agatha said that she crtainly hoped her child might never know who its ather was. Poor Agatha! She had been tempted once. She

am as sensitive to things yet to come as I am to things already in the present. My father, there is a heavy load upon my heart this day."

"There, boy—no more of that! I never knew you head of the living.

CHAPTER IL. AN ADVENTURE ON THE HIGHWAY.

Since the day on which the lifeless form of Albert Percy was borne up from the wood to the terrace in front of the castle, two-and-twent, years have passed. Almost an age. Boys and girls have grown to be men and women; youths and maidens have become middle-aged; and those who were in the prime of

Great changes have taken place at Abbotswold Castle. John Percy and his wife have been dead these ten years; Eustace Percy is the marquis now, and Isabel St. John, that was, has been his wife

and Isabel 8t. John, that was, has been his wife almost twenty years.

One child has been born to Eustace Perey, and only one. But that one child has been enough to command all the love of the happy parents. A girl, and they call her AGNES; and the tenants of Abbotswold, and the fishermen who sometimes come to the castle, and the people from far and near, who come there as visitors, do not speak falsely when they declare that Agnes Perey is the most beautiful girl they ever saw.

Since Sir John's death—a time now ten years agone Since Sir John's death—a time now ten years agone—Owen Callington had been regularly, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, of each year, and drawn out, in the name of Albert Callington, the sum of sixty-two pounds and ten shillings, from the hands of the banker whom the old marquis had selected as his administrator. He had done this until within a year; but about a yearago, as Eustace learned from the banker (the banker told it of his own accord, for it was a subject which Eustace never broached) Owen had brought the young man Albert with him, and introduced him; and since then the money had been paid to Albert Callington's own oney had been paid to Albert Callington's own

Sir Eustace had no doubt in his own mind con-Sir Eustace had no doubt in his own mind con-cerning the meaning of this. He had never asked any questions, and he had never heard a word from any one on the subject, but still he believed that this young Callington was his own brother's child; and so believing, he not only saw the money paid with a cheerful heart, but he resolved, if the oppor-tunity ever presented itself, to do something more for the youth.

ping her hands at that moment, and thus interrupting the marquis in his speech, "here come the hunters. Come, Mr. Percy," she continued, approaching Eustace, "you must smile now, for you know we are to have a grand time this evening—Eustace! What is it? You are ill?"

"No, no, dear lady. It is only a passing thought. I will banish it speedily."

"What it means that?"

"What?"

"What?"

"The horses are walking, and there come men out from the wood bearing something like a litter."

Aye—what is it?

And still the horses walk—walk slowly that men who bear something like a litter can keep up with them. Slowly, slowly,—but nearer and nearer still, until those who bear the litter—for a litter it is—come up to the terrace and set their burden down. Lord Abbotswold sees what is on that litter, and with a mighty groan he buries his face in his hands, and sinks down upon his knees by its side.

Tunity ever presented itself, to do something more for the youth.

Toward the last of October, in the year 1752, the Marquis of Abbotswold had business with his banker in Norwich, and he went down to attend to it. He reached Norwich too late to do business with his banker that day; so he sought out a few of his farely whom he passed a very pleasant evening. On the next day he did his business, and at the day; so he sought out a few of his farely whom he passed a very pleasant evening. On the next day he did his business, and at the day; so he sought out a few of his friends, with whom he passed a very pleasant evening. On the next day he did his business, and at the day; so he sought out a few of his farely whom he passed a very pleasant evening. On the next day he did his business, and at the day; so he sought out a few of his farely whom he passed a very pleasant evening. On the next day he did his pocket—money which he intended to send to late to do business with his banker that day; so he sought out a few of his farely water. His lordship had not observed that these same men had watched him closely while in Norwich, and when h

The marquis had only about thirty miles to ride, and, as the afternoon was pleasant, he suffered his horse to jog along at pleasure until he reached Walsingham, where he stopped at the Red Lion, to let his horse breathe awhite. The distance from this place to Abbottswold was not more than twelve miles, and pretty soon he set forth again. He had gidden for more than the let had gidden for more than the let had gidden for more and was thinking that he clasped and his eyes turned heavenward, he prays for the eternal rest of his dead brother!

Aye—Eustace Percy is no more for the church—no more for the army. He is the heir of Abbotswold, being the only living child of John Percy.

The sad story was told in a very few words. Albert Percy had lost his life as hundreds had lost their lives before. Excited in the chase,—determined to

have come from, when it struck him that the sable complexion was only the result of black crape worn

In all her life this was the first time that Percy had ever met a young man who was real hero. She had seen many men of his ago some them handsome and intelligent—but never before who commanded her most profound respect the very outset. over the face.
Surely, that looked like mischief. For a moment Surely, that looked like mischief. For a moment Percy drew in his rein, thinking whether it were best to turn back or keep on and face the danger; but before he had decided the question, a fifth man darted out from the hedge, and caught his bridle with a grip so strong that the horse was almost set back upon his haunches.

"How now, villain?" cried the marquis, clapping his hand upon the hit of his sword, and starting it from its sheath.

"Ah, have a care, your lordship." returned the rufting at the same time presenting a start of the same time present of the same ti

compact and muscular—the tain flanks, the elegant outline of the swelling thighs and calves, and the massive chest and shoulders giving token of that wondrous power which had been just displayed. His face was something more than handsome. The features were not only cast in a mold of perfect manly beauty, but there was a light of truth and honor, and a beaming from the clear blue eyes of generous sentiment and sincere affection which was not to be mistaken by one who possessed eyen an ordinary

I am Captain Sir Rupert St. John, at your service,

nd the living, if he caught them, he would keep till

And I may as well tell here as anywhere that those

Surely, that looked like mischief. For a moment Percy drew in his rein, thinking whether it were best to turn back or keep on and face the danger; but before he had decided the question, a fitth man darted out from the bedge, and caught his bridle with a grip so strong that the horse was almost set back upon his haunches.

"How now, villain?" cried the marquis, clapping his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and starting it from its sheath.

"Ah, have a care, your lordship?" returned the ruffian, at the same time presenting a pistol. "Don't do that. If you go to makin' fight of it, we shall have to fight as well as you; and you ought to know how such a bit of play would be likely to end. Give us your money, and we won't harm so much as a hair of your head. We know you've got twenty thousand pounds in your pocket-book—stowed right away in your bosom there, and we want it."

By this time the other four had come up—two of them standing directly at his horse's head, while the others came up by his side. They all had pistols in their belts; but the weapons which they held ready for immediate use were heavy clubs.

Had the marquis drawn his pistols, he might possible and not yet been stricken, and there was something had not yet been stricken, and there was something in the evening Mr. Drake, the agent the very outset.

Later in the evening Mr. Drake, the agent the very outset.

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Later in the evening Mr. Drake, the agent announced, and the marquis said to his wife daughter that they would have to entertain Strept that they would have to entert

Had the marquis drawn his pistols, he might possibly have shot down the two men before him; but he had not yet been stricken, and there was something in the deliberate shooting of a fellow creature that was not at all to his liking. A moment later, however, he was sorry for this instinct of human nature, for no sooner had he drawn his sword than he received a blow upon his right arm that caused his weapon to drop, and immediately afterwards he was dragged from his saddle to the ground. He quickly regained his feet, and faced the rufflans, who had now gathered together before him.

"Look ye, your lordship," spoke a tall, powerful fellow, who held his club in a menacing manner, "do you mean to make us fight for it f—because, if you do, egad! you'll have enough of it; an' that right quickly, too."

This was a time for his lordship to consider; and what conclusion he might have arrived at we cannot say; for hardly had the burly ruffian ceased speaking when a new-comer appeared upon the seene. The noise and excitement of the strife had prevented the party from hearing the tramp of the horse antil both horse and rider were upon the spot, having come from the southward.

"Hallo! What is this?"

So demanded the stranger; and, as he spoke, he slipped from his saddle, and approached the mar. chamber, she said to herself—said it with warn thuslasm:

"O! I hope he will stop with us a good long that more. He was her mother's consin!

At this same time Rupert St. John stood by the window of his chamber and listened to the mindow of the disappointment can come of it!"

Aye, Rupert—and such a disappointment is if to as you have never yet even dreamed of!

CHAPTER III.

OWEN CALLINGTON'S GRANDSON. Agnes was an early riser, and on the morning to

lowing the arrival of Capt. St. John, she arose calle than usual. She came down the broad stairway the a light step; but it was not quite so swift as had been its wont, nor did the air awake with any wardinger song upon her lips. The old butler saw her, and the tempted to stop and inquire if she was sick; for a nes Percy coming down those stairs in the merale silent and thoughtful, was a thing he had here seen before.

The storm of the previous night had been a very short one, the rain having fallen for only two three hours, and when the sun arose, the only cloud to be seen were a few fleecy masses which was swiftly passing away to the westward. Agae stepped forth into the garden, murmuring a simply prayer of thanksgiving, as the grateral break loaded with the aroma of a thousand sweet-center shrubs, fauned her brow.

"Hallo! What is this?"

So demanded the stranger; and, as he spoke, he slipped from his saddle, and approached the marquis's side. He saw at a glance that a gentleman was opposed by five stout and disguised ruffians, and with quick discernment he readily comprehended the whole matter.

"How, now, villians, why have you waylaid this gentleman in such a manner?"

"If you like to put your head in the same trap with his lordship's, you're welcome, I'm sure," replied the man who had last addressed the marquis.

"His lordship?" repeated the stranger.

"Eustace Percy, at your service, sir," said the marquis.

prayer of thanksgiving, as the graterin bread loaded with the aroma of a thousand sweet-sente shrubs, fanned her brow.

Thus far Agnes had kept her thoughts within her own bosom; but she had not been long scaled or her thoughts found words:

"How different he is from the gentlement if age who have been in the habit of visiting at the castle; how different his speech, and how different his bearing; how different his speech, and how different his speech, and how different he is -in every respect. Surely this is one whom us ture made a gentleman!"

The words were not particularly significant; but they betrayed the course of the maiden's reflection. She bowed her head in thought, and thus she sat unit a dim shadow seemed to flit before her eyes and with it came a sense of uneasiness—a sort of manetic influence—suspending her reflections, and casting her to raise her head.

A quick cry of alarm broke from her lips as the backet of the held, standing directly before her, a stranger if the was to her a stranger; but when she load that he seemed inclined to offer no violence, the transfer has been several times at the beautiful to be a stranger at the beautiful the seemed inclined to offer no violence, the transfer has been several times at the beautiful the second of the second of the beautiful the second of the secon And, having thus spoken, he darted to where his sword had fallen, and picked it up. The movement was so quick that the rascals could not prevent it; and as the marquis quietly moved back to the stranger's side, after he had regained his sword, they did not offer then to touch him. They saw that the new-comer was without arms of any kind—unless he might have had a small pistol hidden away—and they evidently concluded not to fear him.

"Is this Lord Percy, Marquis of Abbotswold?" the stranger demanded, with lively emotion.

"The same, gentle sir."

"Then, egad, let's set these fellows aside, for I would fain accompany you to Abbotswold."

"The same, gentle sir."

"Then, egad, let's set these fellows aside, for I would fain accompany you to Abbotswold."

The ruffians seemed at once to comprehend that they had found one who might prove a troublesome customer if he were not quickly disposed of, for they raised their clubs in a belligerent manner, and their spokesman said to him, not in very gentle tones:

"Look'e, my fine gentleman, just you mix up in this, and you'll find at you've come just in time to get your head broke. Take that, and try it!"

Now when the rascal told the gentleman to take that and try it, he meant to have faccompanied the invitation with a blow upon the head from his club; but, somehow, the gentleman was too quick for him, for the latter not only dodged the blow, but he made a movement like lightening—a compound movement, which consisted in grasping the ruffian's club with his left hand, at the same time dealing him a blow with his left, directly under the ear, which settled him as though he had been stricken by an ax.

For a few seconds, the marquis was held so spell-bound by the stranger's movements that he could only suffer his sword to drop in his grasp while he looked on in wonder; and as he looked, he could only think of the story he had so often read in Holy Writ, of Samson laying about among the Philistines with the jaw-bone. Two of the ruffian's had the stranger in the stra animed him more closely, and recognized hi youth she had seen several times at the bing, and whom she had met once or twice yiting among the poor and needy of her fail ants. She could not be mistaken; and y she came to reflect, she remembered she had him for several months—ave, it had been youth she had seen several times at the boat and ing, and whom she had met once or twice while ruiting among the poor and needy of her fathers ten auts. She could not be mistaken; and yet, whe she came to reflect, she remembered she had not see him for several months,—aye, it had been almost a year. But where among the tenants had she see him? Ah! she saw it now. She met him when the year to see old dame Callington at the time she had

went to see old dame Callington at the time and the fever.

But these thoughts and reflections were fix flashes of light—they all passed while a modest manight have been framing words for a sperch. An she had time for one thing more: She had time to observe that the intruder was not far from one of two-and-twenty; that he was quite well dressed though the style of his garb was, to the pure-mimos girl, disgustingly rakish; and that he possessed face and form of much comeiness.

think of the story he had so often read in Holy Writ. of Samson laying about among the Philistines with the jaw-bone. Two of the ruffians had the stranger sent to earth, when he who had been first stricken down with the fist, crawled up and approached the Titan from behind. When Percy saw this he sprang to the work, and in a very few minutes four of the robbers had bitten the dust, and the fifth was fleeing away as fast as his legs would carry him.

robbers had bitten the dust, and the fifth was fleeing away as fast as his legs would carry him.

As soon as it was evident that the fifth ruffian had escaped them, both the men, moved by the same instinct, stooped to ascertain the result of their work.

"I am sorry," said the marquise—and his tones vouched for his sincerity. "I believe I have sent this poor fellow to his final account."

"And here is one whom I have sent to bear him company," added the stranger. "Mercy! no man can live with such a smash of the skull as that. But these other two are alive. Will your lordship stop to render them assistance?"

"There is no need," replied Percy. "Let's have a look at their faces, and then we'll move or. There is a small hamlet not far distant, where I am well known, and I will send people from that place to look after these fellows, and nurse them if there be

look after these fellows, and nurse them if there be need."

The marquis stripped the crape from the faces of the fallen men, and one of them he recognized as a face that he had seen among fishermen at Abbotswold, but he was sure 'twas no tenant of his. The semblance to the features of the Percies, other three were strungers. she caught it and retained it. The something a familiar in this man's features was their strong resemblance to the features of the Percies, as she called them to mind from many a canvas in the old galery of the castle. But what of this? It could only be at accidental likeness. It would be strange, indeed, it amongst the millions of men upon the earth, there were not a few who bore some resemblance to her adecestors. The young man observed that something in his appearance had arrested the lady's attention and a quiet smile curled around his mouth as he watched the play of her beautiful features; but that smile was not a pleasant one. There was something evil is it—most decidedly evil; and Agnes detected it, for a continuous continuous and a second through her frame, and in an other three were strangers.

And now Sir Eustace had opportunity to turn and take a fair look at his deliverer; and the result of the look was pleasing. He beheld a young man, not over five-and-twenty, clad in a half military suit, with a form of matchiess symmetry and grace, yet compact and muscular—the thin flanks, the elegant outline of the swelling thighs and calves, and the

was not a pleasant one. There was something evil it—most decidedly evil: and Agnes detected it for a quick shudder passed through her frame, and in accager, hurried manner, she said:

"If you have anything to say to me, sir, I will listen; but I beg that you will be brief. I cannot remain here long."

timent and sincere affection which was not to be mistaken by one who possessed even an ordinary capacity for reading human character from ontward signs. His face was clean-shaved, and the dark hue of the skin teld very plainly that he had been much exposed to storm and sunshine.

The marquis concluded the survey, and then rached forth his hand with a generous smile,

"You enjoy an advantage over me, good sir. I cannot call the name of the man who has saved me from the hands of a nack of desperados who might have taken my life if I had not received assistance."

"We ought to be good friends, my lord," returned the stranger, as he took Percy's hand and shook it warmly. "I think a certain fair cousin of mine has a home beneath your roof." listen; but I beg that you will be brief. I cannot remain here long."

"What I've got to say, Miss Agnes, won't admit of haste, so you will please to give me time. I don't suppose you know who I am."

What did he mean by calling her Miss Agnes. She, the grown up daughter of a marquis; and be the child of a tenant!

"Whoever you are," she said, with stern dignit," you will bear yourself beseemingly, it you would have me listen to you."

"Don't get into a passion, my sweet lady-now don't, I pray. Be quiet, and kind, and I'll very sood let you know why I came. I would be friends with you. If you will let me, I will be the best friend you have on earth. I swear it, by the God that made me." "How!" cried Percy, in glad tones. "Is this Rupert St. John?"

Agnes was so relieved by this speech that she felt really happy for the time. She felt that she had done the youth injustice. His apparent rudeness was evidently only ignorance, or carelessues, while the thought of befriending her gave him an undue degree of assurance. "Indeed, good sir," she said, "I had no thought of appear." anger." Well, I hope you didn't. But I don't think

my lord."

"Aye." continued the marquis, in the same glad strain, "Isabel told me that you were a captain; but I did not know that you had been knighted."

"Yes." said St. John, with a smile. "In consideration of the amount of blood I lost in India, and in further consideration of my misfortune in being the son of a younger branch of our family, his most gracious majesty has been pleased to tap me upon the shoulder with the point of his own sword, and to declare me a knight of the realm."

"Upon my soul, I am glad." exclaimed the marquis, "Have I not seen you at Mr. Callington's."
"Have I not seen you at Mr. Callington's."
"Very likely. I've been there."
"You are not his son ?"
"Whose son ?"
"Whose son ?"

Owen Callington's"

clare me a knight of the realm."

"Upon my soul, I am glad," exclaimed the marquis, grasping the young man's hand once more. "Such a royal cross as that, is worth a thousand that come idly dropping down from the prolific branches of parent trees—aye, more honorable than a peerage that only falls upon a man from the shoulders of a dead ancestor." "Oh, no; bless you, no. Owen Callington is only my grandfather."
"I did not know that Callington had a daughter ancestor."

The marquis spoke warmly and ardently, and the glow that came upon the young knight's cheek, and the rich moisture that gathered in his eye, told how grateful he was and how deeply he appreclated the generous sentiments of his new-found relative and friend. "Didn't you? O, yes. His daughter Amatha was married before you were born—and before I was born, too, for the matter of that."

Again he spoke in that familiar, impudent manners and Agnes sought once more to pass him.

"I can listen to you no longer," she said.

Just a moment," he returned, again waving hes "What have you to say to me, sir!"

generous sentiments of his new-found relative and friend.

Rupert St. John was the son of a younger brother of Isabel Percy's father. Isabel's father had inherited the family estates and the baronetcy, while the younger brother, having gained a lieutenancy in a cavalry regiment, had gone out to India, where he married the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and where the remainder of his days were spent. Once, however, when his son was a mere babe, he visited England, and left his wife and little one to remain with his brother nearly three years. This child was Rupert, and during those two or three years Isabel, then a maiden of seventeen, had been his constant attendant. And since Rupert had grown to man's estate, he had corresponded with Isabel frequently. His first letter had been to inform her of the death of his father, and her answer to that was so kind and so loving that he was emboldened to write again. And now Rupert St. John had revisited England for the first time since he was five years old.

It having been decided that they would not stop to bother with the ruffians, the marquis and his companion sought their saddles, and at the distance of little more than two miles they reached the hamlet of which mention has been made, when Percy told his story to the innkeeper, who promised to take sufficient help and go out and bring in the living and the dead. The dead he would see decently buried; and the living, if he caught them, he would keep till further orders. back.

"What have you to say to me, sir!"

"First, dear lady, I must tell you that you are very beautiful; and— Held on! you'd better hear me out. I was just going to say that your landy might be a most tremendous benefit to your father. Would you like to know how?"

"It I must listen, you can inform me."

"Well," pursued Albert Callington—for the reader must have discovered that was Agatha Callington; son—"I would have you to know that I held you father completely at my mercy. I can crash his in an instant if I please. O, you need not pout you pretty lips in that fashion, for I am telling you only the solemn truth. The proud Marquis of Abbothe wold is as completely in my power to crush him into the dust as ever was a peer under the power of his king! And yet, my dear, your beauty may save him. Can't you see now?"

He looked at her so familiarly, and with such bold admiration, that Agnes felt the hot blood rushing in a torrent to her brain; and as soon as she could over come the first shock of amazement, she waved he hand toward him with queenly pride, saying:

"Stand aside, Sir! I can hear no more from you?"

As she attempted to pass him, he caught her by the arm.

"Hold, lady. You know not what you are doing?"

As she attempted to pass him, he caught her of arm.

"Hold, lady. You know not what you are doing.".

"Unhand me, Sir."

"But—think of your father."

"Unhand me, I say. Help! Help!"

The above is all of this very interesting story that will be published in our columns. For the continuation of it from where it leaves off here, see the Novel York Ledger, which is for sale at all the book steep and news depots throughout the country. Repeat and ask for the number of the Ledger dated and published in the paper.

only in that paper.